

But somewhere, in some town, there really are the best waffles

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But somewhere, in some town, there really are the best waffles

by [middlemarch](#)

Summary

Time to gather for a bit of bubbly

As we honor the bride and her soon-to-be hubby!

Join us for an evening of celebration in honor of Nina and Matthias

Saturday, June 14th

Seven O'Clock in the Evening

At the Starkov-Kirigans

321 Summoner Lane

Grisha, Ravka

Hosted by Alina Starkov

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

“Let’s see what this is,” Nina said, shaking the box a little in time-honored fashion which meant not too hard because maybe it would be the crystal champagne flutes this time or the gravy boat Matthias’s aunt Dot had insisted would come in handy. Also, not too hard because the box, gaily wrapped with a profusion of green and rose ribbon curls, was gosh-darn (she was trying to curse less) heavy.

“You can exchange it if you want,” Alina said. “We want you to have something you really want or need.” Aleksander nodded along and Nina wondered what Alina had said to convince him to lay off the all-black ensemble. He was wearing a bow-tie and Nina was fairly sure that meant sexual favors.

“I’m sure we’ll love it,” Matthias said. It had been his idea to make the bridal shower a his-and-hers event, knowing that only having Alina and Inej with her at a hen night with the rest of the bridesmaids, his three sisters, was a recipe for disaster.

“It’s a waffle-maker!” Nina exclaimed. It was the most expensive appliance on their registry because she’d talked Matthias out of the Vitamix (“you hate smoothies, you say they are wannabe milkshakes”) and the bread-maker (“I’m not making my mother’s challah in a machine!”). It had a timer and you could program it and there was an adorable remote, as if you would start it from your bed, and it was the fourth waffle-maker they’d received after Inej and Kaz’s big-box buy, David’s Belgian Belgian waffle maker trimmed in copper, and Ivan and Fedyor’s refurbished vintage find.

“Holy fuck, that’s a lot of waffles,” Jesper laughed, crossing his legs at the knee. “Mattie baby, we are going to be at the gym every day to work those carbs off. Every day!”

“It was the Parks and Rec rewatch,” Alina explained. “You kept talking about how Team Leslie you were and you pointed out every scene with the waffles, I thought you were trying to tell me something. If you give it back, we’ll exchange it for you.”

“I said we should get the crystal flutes. Or the Russian silver tea-set with the samovar, that would make a wonderful heirloom,” Aleksander said. “I was overruled.”

“Not for the first time, I think,” Inej said, gesturing at the bow-tie.

“What sunshine wants, sunshine gets, right, Alek?” Kaz teased. He had never let anyone forget the time Aleksander accidentally put Alina on speaker-phone at office and the entire architectural firm had been privy to what had fortunately stopped before becoming phone-sex.

“Happy wife, Kaz,” Alek said easily. “Matthias gets it, don’t you?”

“Oh, he gets it,” Jesper said, since Matthias was starting to blush and that was entertainment enough. “You two can relax. I didn’t get you a waffle-iron. I got you something a lot better.”

“Oh, yeah?” Ivan said.

“Yeah. Cold hard cash,” Jesper said.

“Look, it could’ve been worse,” Matthias said that night, in bed, his book on the Norwegian resistance during WWII propped on his knees, wearing glasses that Nina swore had some sort of sex-spell on them. She did a little shimmy to get her nightie on and the book fell off his lap. “We could be dealing with a life-size model of Li'l Sebastian. I looked on Etsy and those exist.”

End Notes

Title is from Parks and Rec.

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